

**Q.**—This is the end of the *matter*, the printer said when he filled out a column.

**A.**—Ladies of fashion starve themselves for happiness to feed their *vanity*, and their love to feed their pride.

**Q.**—There is a chap in this city whose hair so red that when he goes out for day, he is taken for *sunrise*, and the cocks begin to crow.

**A.**—A mountain is made up of *stones* and friendship of little *matters*.